

The OTEEN

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SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19
PUBLISHED AT AZALEA, NORTH CAROLINA

Vol. I

Saturday, November 23, 1918

No. 3



FOR THIS WE GIVE THANKS

THANKSGIVING

This should be the most momentous Thanksgiving in the history of the World. Five months ago the most optimistic dared hope that by Christmas we might have Peace. It has come in time for Thanksgiving.

Let's give Thanks as never before in our lives. We are also thankful that we came to Asheville to do business. We are thankful that we have won the confidence of the nurses of the three great army hospitals in Western North Carolina, and that we are gradually getting acquainted with the soldier boys.

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REGULATION

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TAN HOSIERY

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VELOUR HATS

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NURSES

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WHEN IN ASHEVILLE. WE
WANT YOU TO FEEL AT
HOME IN THIS STORE

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The OTEEN

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Advisors
 W. L. WHITE, 1st. Lieut. S.C., U.S.A.
 J. L. MANAHAN, 2nd Lieut. S.C., U.S.A.

Advertising Manager Business Manager Circulation Manager
 SERGT. R. DE LACOEUILLERIE SERGT. ALFRED ZABIN SERGT. B. L. HEYMAN



(B)

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world has been made free, our country has been saved, our honor and our manhood have been vindicated. As for our own unimportant selves, we're alive, we're happy—and at some not far distant day we shall go home—and I'm sure to a more endeared home than we've ever known.

—MAJOR TURNBULL.

CARRY ON!

Did any one ever have greater reason for thanksgiving than we have at this time? One short year ago everything was an uncertainty. The greatest menace of history was hanging over us. The days were dark days: confusion and dread were evident everywhere. We were strong only in our determination to win: in everything else we were weak and unprepared. Win we must and win we would, but how great or how terrible the price of victory must be we knew not and dared not guess.

Today everything is changed. The fears and terrors of four tense years have been laid to rest. The menace that threatened us has gone forever. The foot of the Beast did not touch our shores, and our homes were not ruined or defiled by his presences. No nation has ever done more in a year than our Nation has done in this one past, and no nation has ever gained such a victory at so slight a cost. True, billions of dollars have been spent, but the cost in lives wasted, in homes ruined, in wives widowed and in children orphaned has been lighter by far than we dared hope.

In the light of all that has been accomplished and of the dreadful menace that has been removed from us, all our little discomforts and sacrifices appear insignificant. With hearts never before so full of gratitude to the God of Men and Nations we approach this Thanksgiving season. The

Just a moment, you up on the hill—and down here in the valley, too. You're evidently working yourself up into a hellofa state because you don't hear from home. And there is little reason for it of course. You really ought to be ashamed of yourself. Buck up and think honestly. In the first place, every single thing you've imagined hasn't happened. I'll bet a month's pay to the two bits you are paying to get into Asheville! Things are about the same at home—but you can't think that way because you have constructed another home full of terrible possibilities. The crops will come through all right—and your business will be there strong for you when you get back. And then about her—could you change her? Not in a thousand years. Is she going with another fellow? Why, if he's half regular he is doing his bit the same as you are—and isn't there at all—and besides she wouldn't. And why haven't you heard? My dear fellow, you are a thousand miles away—and that makes all the difference in the world. Think of all that could come up to hold those letters back. Be decent to yourself—and patient with those at the other end. Don't even count on the next mail. The letters will come all right, and when they do you'll cuss yourself out for being such a d— idiot.

MEXICO NEXT

Now that the bigger adversary is about to be disposed of, the time is close at hand when the relations between the United States and Mexico should be put on a basis very different than that which has held since the Diaz regime in 1911. The dictatorship of Huerta brought the tension near to the snapping point. Along with the Carranza government came a period of confusion which made armed intervention by us, for the protection of our borders, a necessity. Pershing's expedition practically crushed all revolutionary movement born on the spirit of outlawry, and saved the Carranza party from destruction. We have been thanked none at all, and the months have seen the Carranza faction more firmly enmeshed in German intrigue. The oil fields have been a sore spot to both sides, and Mexico's attempt to hurt the Allied cause by attempting to levy additional tax on privately owned oil fields under threat of confiscation, has left the natural none too favorable impression. Diplomatic pressure brought a change of heart, apparently, and tided over rather a bad outlook. With the cessation of the War, Mexico will no doubt seek to develop rather than restrict the use of her fields, oil and otherwise. The defeat of Germany will forcibly remind President Carranza that he and his shall need other friends.

Early opportunity shall come to adjust all this, and it is as relatively important that the Mexican question be disposed of as should the German menace be removed. Mexico with its open outlawry on our border, and internal strife, has been an annoyance to us, and Pershing's withdrawal, with his object unaccomplished, has never settled well on the states. Despite our endeavor to establish a better understanding we have received no'ing but antagonism.

Now is the time to put our house in order, and that can come about only by cleaning off the blot that the Mexican question has made—and make our relations very positive for the safeguarding of our continental and international order, development and progress.



(B)

OFFICIAL

BULLETIN OF ORDERS

Soldiers desiring to go on pass for twenty-four hours or less will be granted a pass by the Detachment Commander, provided they are not under restriction and it does not interfere with their duties. Application for passes of over twenty-four hours will be submitted to the Commanding Officer for approval before pass is granted.

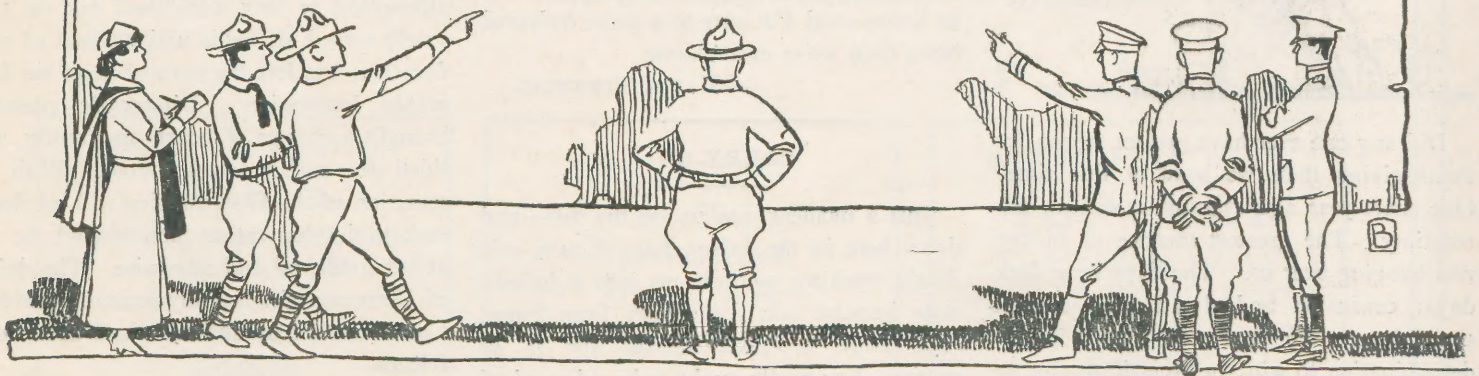
Visiting hours for relatives and friends will be from 3:30 to 4:30 p.m. This rule can be set aside only by permission of the Commanding Officer.

Gambling, loud or boisterous talking, or committing a disturbance of any kind is strictly prohibited. Any violation of these orders will be summarily dealt with.

All detachment men, not on duty, or on pass, shall be in their barracks promptly at 9:30 p.m. and shall be in bed and lights out at 10:00—and talking cease at taps at 10:15 p.m.

All communications to the Commanding Officer and all requests for interviews with him must come through military channels; otherwise no attention will be paid to them.

Sick call will be held daily at 7:45 a.m. by the officer commanding Detachment Medical Department.



SEEING IT THROUGH

BY PVT. DANIEL MURPHY

*Second Installment of Incidents in my Year
and a Half in the Warring Territory*

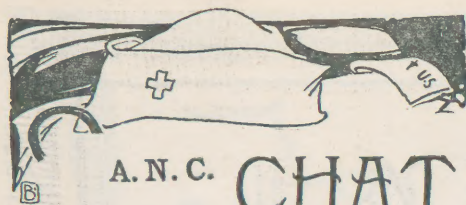
We looked over the gunwale of that boat, as we came near to the Liverpool docks, and the sight of all those faces lined up on the quay, made us feel human again. We let out one shout as the order was given to break for the shore. We forgot all about impressing the folks with ourselves, as we wanted to hit dry land again and mix with the common people. It was a natural instinct when one has been penned up for a long period. So anxious were we that in our speedy and reckless attempt to slide our barracks bags down the planks we lost twenty or thirty of them overboard. Were we to turn out for a fire drill here in the time it took us to get our line up on that street, 'mid the cheering of the people, we'd

secure a mark of A-1. We were immediately dismissed for three hours to see the town, and that we did. You must remember that these were the early days of the war, and our ship was one of the first to land troopers. We were received with a bit of awe, yet with the greatest feeling of friendliness. Recall how New York would stare at a British Tommy in the early days on Broadway. These Englishers looked at us in like fashion. Lots of the townspeople were at the docks, and the boys didn't lack for means of entertainment — of an English variety. Three of my chums and myself were picked off by an elderly gentleman and his wife and taken to the other side of Liverpool—they pointing the town out to us in the drive homeward, as any New Yorker would their burg. In what must have been the home of a better English family that set us down to a dinner which I frankly classify as one of the most important events in my army career. Those folks lived up to the English tradition of being large eaters—and I was

in back of them all the way. There must be English in me, tho' my name is Murphy, if eating was a criterion that day. The reaction of getting on dry land, and a square meal, made me a bit heavy—I promptly fell asleep as one of the hopefuls in white played "God Save the King" on the family concertina. Later they roped me into some of those complex English parlor games which seemed to have no point to them. I wasn't a bit sorry when my pals reminded me we were due back—yet I would have my way and thanked my hosts profusely—and until this day I swear they are still wondering what we all said in our queer "United States" English.

Back at the wharf we were bundled into first-class coaches on which were signs informing the passengers they must not turn on the lights for fear of the enemy's aeroplanes, which had the mean habit of flying over this part of the country late at night on raiding parties. There were five other men

(Continued on page 18)



THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS

Our Puritan day, so long ago dedicated to the remembrance of National as well as personal blessings, has not been given very serious thought by most of us in recent years. It has been for the most part a big-dinner festival, to be followed by some favorite pleasure. Was it an auto-ride, matinee, football game or dance that marked the day for you last year?

In whatever way we are able to enjoy ourselves this year in Oteen on Thanksgiving Day, we expect in the midst of pleasure to feel an unusual amount of real gratitude. This time, so full of *big* events and meanings, should find us big enough to meet it in a new spirit. A hymn of praise to God is in our hearts and we expect to translate it into helpful work.

"Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of Liberty," has deeper significance. Some of the Psalms sound as if written expressly for today. Read one and see. That prayer we sang, "Make them Victorious," has been wonderfully answered. We can say *our* "Thank God" very sincerely. A vigorous "Hurrah!" is not out of order in the same breath.

—G.V.L.

ALL DIFFERENT

Most of the A.N.C. at Oteen are still new to army life. It has been suggested that we are doing everything in a different way than ever before. We live differently—eat different food, wear different clothes, meet an entirely different set of people and wear our hair differently, too! North Carolina is a different State than we were born in and Oteen is not like other Hospitals and so we might go on until our space was all filled. We resist this temptation and merely remark that a few philosophic ones and some sweet and smiling ones (don't we appreciate them!) have recently thought this to be a real advantage. To be joggled out of a rut, you may be quite unconscious of, is one way of keeping youthful, for youth is adaptable and full of irrepressible spirit.

To be made to forget our individual likes and dislikes which concern nobody but ourselves is a blessing. Apply this to the menu, for you cannot change it.

COMMISSION FOR NURSES

Who can tell us the status of the present day Army Nurse?

On duty as a ward nurse she is told (she never reads these things) to rank as Second Lieutenant.

On duty as Head Nurse, though in authority over her sister nurses on the ward, she is still known as Second Lieutenant.

Off duty, she takes a sudden drop and lines with the Cadet.

As Chief Nurse she is treated like a Major, but who shall name her rank?

We are told this is a time of testing and the nurses in the Army will determine their own rank by showing their qualifications. The few may not speak for the many in this instance, but there are some among our number whose judgment has already been formed upon the subject, and it may interest some of Oteen's readers to know our secret thoughts about this matter. At the risk of much condemnation we will reveal them.

Let the rank and file of Army Nurses become non-commissioned officers. Let such as are qualified for Head Nurse work become Second Lieutenants. Let Chief Nurses become Captains. Let the Superintendent of the Corps become a Major. And let these ratings be real, whether on duty or off duty, whether at home or abroad.

SABBATH INSPECTION

There are various and sundry ways of observing Sunday. Some remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. Others remember the Sabbath Day to break it "wholly." Intraspection and retrospection can both be made a means of grace on the first day of the week, but how the Nurses are to receive a spiritual uplift by a C. O. Sunday Inspection is a question they are unwilling but not unable to answer.

CHANGES

"Over There"—"Over Here."
"Over the Top"—"On Top."

Nurses' Quarters need a taming master—two Lyons in the den.

O is for Orders 'tis ours to obey.
T is for Temperature three times a day.
E is for Eats: to the Mess Hall we go,
E-ach one partaking for weal or for woe.
N is for Nurses, U.S., A.N.C.
Yours, Uncle Sam, till you otherwise decree.

There has been mourning and loud lamentation in Barracks No. 2 ever since that edict regarding the extensions on the light cords went forth. It is a real hardship to rise up in the grey and chilly dawn and grope blindly for that button that *ought* to be dangling somewhere up there.

Speaking of lights, those in Barracks No. 2 are bewitched. Last Friday morning "Mac" insisted on inspecting the nurses as they passed her door, to see if their shoes were on the right feet.

And the uniform continues to arrive. Now it's almost all here, excepting the insignia. Some of us wept salty tears as we packed our real clothes away on Saturday night. Artist Beecher understands the psychology of Army Nurses.

One of the most dignified of our nurses, seeing Capt. Moore's signature, "Marshall Moore," jumps to the conclusion that he outranks everybody on the post, and, as a little tribute, when meeting him in the corridor, addresses him, "Good-morning, Marshall!" Capt. Moore tells his friends in Asheville that the nurses here are so fond of him that they call him by his first name.

The foundation of every thought that crosses "Mac's" brain is Post Exchange. Why?

Follow the plow and you will reach the mess hall or barracks safely. Rubber boots would help.

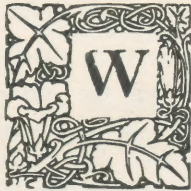
Another new nurse from Virginia, Miss Morton, as pleasant as she is good-looking. Send more from Virginia.

Old Black Joe was called by many "gentle voices" (?) Sunday night. But it is quite useless to attempt to stop "Mac" when once she is under motion. Her solos disturb nobody and sometimes she has the tune, too.

Dietitian (Miss Housel) gave the Bandanna Tea Room "the once over" the other night, accompanied by a chaperone and a "Real Man" from Asheville.

Oh, G. H. 19, wake up! Don't let Asheville get ahead of us in matters of this kind. We can't afford to lose our splendid "eat" lady.

EDITORIAL



WHEN President Harper, of the University of Chicago, was first giving form and character to that institution, it was discovered that he was suffering with a cancer. An operation was undertaken, but the cancer could not be removed. He did not whine. He did not complain. He did not ask for sympathy. What he did do was to go to his physician and demand to know how long he might reasonably expect to live. And he gave as a reason that he had work to do and must know how long he could remain on duty.

We of the Azalea Hospital have work upon our hands of no less importance than the work of President Harper. Like President Harper, we know that our time is limited. We are expecting release from the Army. Are we, like him, planning our work to make the most of the limited time granted us?

In our daily walk in life we observe two forces: the one constructive, the other destructive. The constructive force moves with deliberation and accomplishes its ends through the operations of natural law. We call this force good. The destructive force moves rapidly and in erratic curves, leaving in its wake desolation and tragedy. We call this force evil. Constructive force produces order. Destructive force produces chaos. When a man becomes the impersonation of constructive force, we call that man a power for good.

America showed her constructive power in her ability to organize, equip and place in France an effective Army; and to supply that Army and the Army of her Allies with food, clothes and ammunition.

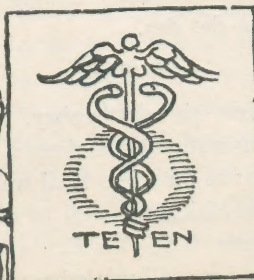
In the creation of this Army, America showed what she could do, but the creation of an Army never yet made a people great. An Army is a destructive force, necessary at times for self-preservation. America has shown that she can fight and that she will fight if necessary. Immediately upon the return of peace, a wave of discontent spread throughout the Army. Everywhere the men are begging to be sent home. Upon first thought, the demand seems unreasonable and even childish in its persistent reiteration. It is but the desire on the part of American youth to be released from enforced idleness and to be permitted to return to useful employment. It is but the American impulse to be doing constructive work.

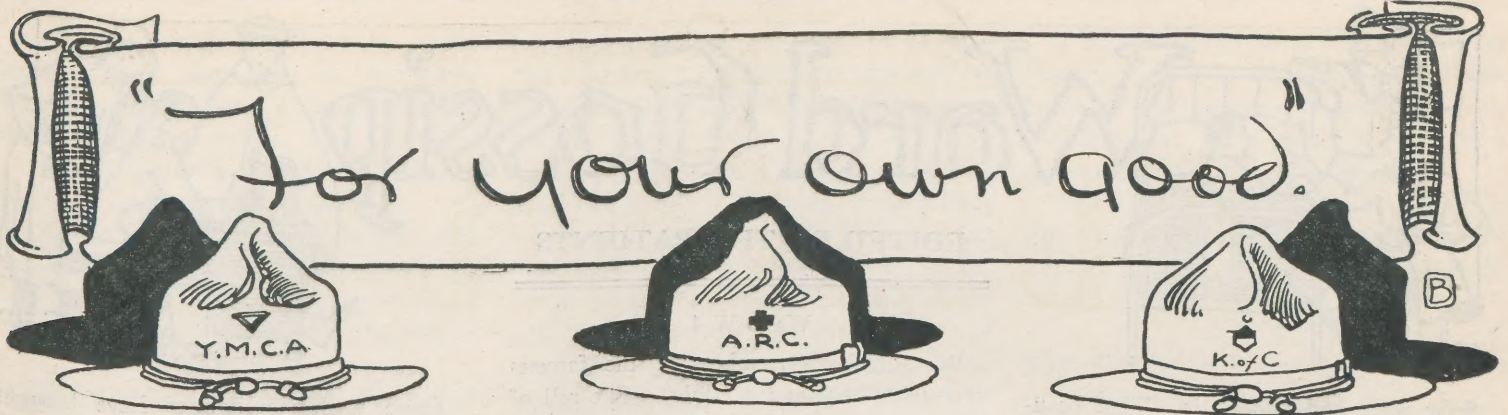
It will be impossible for the Army to demobilize before Thanksgiving Day. And for what should the American people be thankful? For peace, say some. For victory, say others. We, in the Army, having leisure to think, go deeper than this. The poet, Browning, caused one of his characters to say:

"It makes me mad to see what men shall do and we in our graves."

Browning was a man of lofty vision. In his wildest dreams he never contemplated such a day of opportunity as that in which we live. Today an idealist sits at the head of the strongest Nation of the world, while weaker nations look to him without fear. His lofty utterances are not to a chosen few nor are they addressed alone to the people of this Nation. They are to become from now on the rule and guide of the nations of the earth. Never again will the weaker nations of the earth have aught to fear from the stronger. We of America have brought this thing to pass. Have we cause to be thankful? Answer me, yes or no?

BENJ. K. HAYS, Capt. M.C., U.S.A.





Y.M.C.A.

The new building is under way. The secretaries have a great joy in seeing the work advance. For weeks they have been in suspense, fearing that the arrival of a new addition to the Medical Detachment would make it necessary for them to vacate the barracks which the "Y" has occupied since the Fourth of July. The new building will please the men, both officers and privates, we feel sure—and the nurses too. There will be a special room for the officers, and also a Ladies' Rest Room in which the boys can meet their women folks. The nurses will appreciate the balcony which will be built for their special accommodation in connection with the entertainments, movies, concerts, etc. That the construction work is being done by Krebs & Company is a guarantee of its completion at the earliest possible date.

▽ ▽

The concert given by the ladies of the Volunteer State Trio, on Thursday evening, the 14th, was one of the most highly appreciated events that we have ever had. An added zest was given it no doubt by the long period of the quarantine, during which we have been denied the delight of such occasions. The presence of these talented ladies in the various camps must have brought great pleasure to a multitude of our army boys.

▽ ▽

Wednesday evening of this week marks the beginning of our educational classes for the season. We hope to be able to make an encouraging report of it in the next number of The Oteen. An opportunity will be afforded the boys of the Detachment to pursue their studies already begun at home, as well as to take up new ones for their self-improvement during their stay at Azalea.

RED CROSS NOTES

The following summary of the work of the Red Cross at General Hospital No. 19, since the Hospital opened, may be of interest as indicating the character and scope of the work the Red Cross is doing here.

We have distributed the following articles to patients and detachment men:

- 3500 knitted woolen articles.
- 140 convalescent robes.
- 1000 ward bed bags.
- 15 victrolas.
- 125 victrola records.
- 400 games.
- 1 piano.
- 1 player piano.
- 22 player piano rolls.
- 5000 sheets writing paper.
- Miscellaneous books and magazines.
- Asheville Citizen in each ward.

In addition to this we have made more than 50 loans to needy patients and men going on furloughs. We have cashed money orders and checks for patients and sent money for them, sent telegrams, handled allotment and allowance complaints, taken up back pay complaints with the military authorities, had patients' clothing repaired, referred requests for employment of patients' families to the Asheville Chapter, cared for parents visiting patients, written letters to patients' families, done shopping in Asheville for patients and filled a great many other miscellaneous requests. The number of these various items of service has averaged from 300 to 400 a week.

By direction of the Commanding Officer, arrangements are being made by the Red Cross for a celebration of Thanksgiving for Peace, to be held at G. H. 19 on the afternoon of Thanksgiving day. The celebration will be official and will be participated in by every one on the reservation. Full details of the program will be announced later.

K. OF C.

Secretary Downie has been called home to Hoosick Falls on account of the illness and death of his wife.

— ★ —

One of the coming events at the K. of C. Hut, that the boys are looking forward to with great pleasure, is the frequent dances which will be held there as soon as the heat is installed. The boys all hope that Mrs. O. C. Hamilton, in Asheville, will continue to be the Mother Chaperone at these affairs, as she has been doing in town at the K. of C. dances, prior to the "Flu" epidemic.

— ★ —

The K. of C. now have a colored representative at the Building, which will be very glad to assist the colored boys.

— ★ —

A FEW DON'T'S

Don't be afraid to ask the K. C. Secretaries to do your errands in town.

Don't forget to use the books in our Library.

Don't think that Peace will interfere with our work.

Don't worry; come in and forget your troubles.

Don't lose courage—the heat will soon be turned on.

Don't forget to write the folks back home—abundance of stationery on hand.

Don't hesitate in offering suggestions to improve our little Hut.

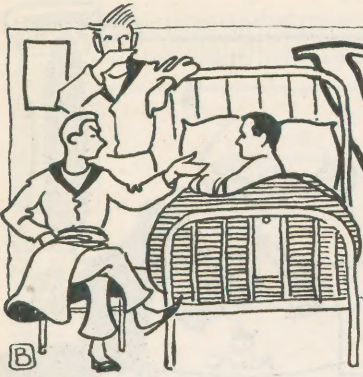
Don't think that there is only one "White Way"—visit us at night.

Don't play the piano between the hours of midnight and five a.m.

Don't get disheartened; our pool tables will soon be ready for use.

Don't come alone; bring the gang along.





Scott went and "done" it. That beautiful adornment on his upper lip is no more, and we wonder.

★ ★

Canteen Johnson still makes his daily visits. More Johnsons and the clerical force will have to be enlarged.

★ ★

WARD W-2

McLaughlin of W-2 — "I've got the softest job in the camp. All I have to do is wind the clock once a week."

Wenegie—"I've got you stopped; all I have to do is tear a page off the calendar every month."

★ ★

Stanzell jumps that rear jitney step as tho' he were use to riding in that style of police wagon.

★ ★

SATURDAY MORNING INSPECTION

Lieutenant—"Have you any gloves?"

Private—"No."

Lieutenant—"No what?"

Private—"No gloves."

★ ★

ROOKIE

Captain (to Private failing to salute)—"How long have you been here?"

Private—"Two weeks, mister; how long have you?"

★ ★

Orders forbid enlisted men to associate with the nurse. "Gee, what do we care? Who wants to mingle with Kreiger anyway?"

★ ★

Nurse in E-6—"Mabel!"

Mabel—"What?"

Nurse—"Sgt. Hawkins proposed to me last night."

Mabel—"And you accepted him?"

Nurse—"No. I told him I wasn't competing with either the Army or Navy in enlisting recruits."

★ ★

Tillery and Graham seem to be our best workers—yet they will talk of fruit and jems—and rave about pearls and cherries.

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

WARD W-4

We still have members of the famous "I Can't Get 'Em Up Club." The roll of honor this week includes Hon. Floyd Hartman, Andrew Paciora, Max Sine and Amos J. Holbert.

★ ★

Sanborn is still trying to master the Guitar. Keep it up, old man. You ought to greatly amuse your grandchildren in later years. The charms of music will go well with the stories of your soldiering days in the Great War.

★ ★

All of the "workers" in our ward are anxious to work down in the Laundry—and we wonder why. In the early days it was the biggest "gold brick" of the reservation, and we Neutrals are wondering why all this pep.

★ ★

McGuire climbed upon the stepladder to fasten up a flag that had been donated to the ward. As his head came in line with the clock, it stopped. One of the nurses happened to be near and cried, "Some people have faces that will stop an eight-day clock."

—F. E. POWELL.

★ ★

Martin was delegated the job of fixing the clock. Bill is a fine chap, but he would never take first prize at a beauty show.

He moved the ladder over by the clock and climbed up. As he looked the clock in the face, it threw up its hands and started running.

—S.L.P.

★ ★

Jones was an inveterate gambler and would roll the bones any time he could find a victim. But he finally had a streak where the fates were against him, so he swore off gambling and confined himself to solitaire.

One Sunday afternoon he was seated beside the bed playing solitaire when the Y.M.C.A. man came around to give the boys reading matter fitting to the day. The "Y" man noticed Jones and asked:

"Do you gamble on Sunday?"

Jones threw the cards angrily on the bed and, crying, "Get behind me, Satan," ran down the ward.



These weekly weighings have brought forth several anomalies—some of those that eat much, gain little, and vice versa. For instance, Big Jones is gaining considerably, whereas Little Jones is losing. Both advance reasons for respective conditions.

Big says that he is gaining because we have not had any prunes for two weeks; Little says that his loss is due to jumping up quickly and running inside from the sun parlor to make sure that the fold of his bed is turned down twenty-seven inches when the head nurse makes her rounds.

★ ★

The usual crowd gathered after evening mess, and somehow an impromptu performance was started, each one doing his part. The turn came to Eleiwer, who hesitated not a moment, but rose to his feet in all dignity.

"Nurses, Gentlemen, and those who sleep on the Porch: It is a great privilege and pleasure for me to have the honor of addressing you this evening. But, kind friends, as I am unable to make such a speech as you deserve, and I cannot dance, I will sing for you. Before I commence to sing, however, I wish to tell you a little story in regard to my voice.

"When I was a child my parents believed that I had a wonderful voice and this belief was confirmed by a singing master, who suggested that my voice be cultivated. My parents followed his advice and I had my voice thoroughly cultivated by capable masters — by some mischance the wrong seed was planted and it seems to have been onions, for my voice has been rank and strong ever since.

"I am now ready to sing—if anyone objects let him hold up his hand."

And thirty-three rose.

— ★ —

Kelly is a bed patient. On Friday we had fish that was quite salty and created many thirsts. A nurse noticed him going toward the washroom and said:

"What's the matter, Kelly, too much salt in the fish?"

"No, it's too much in the glass."

On Friday night the nurse in charge heard a loud commotion on the porch. Rushing out she saw a crowd gathered around the bed of Jollon.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" she cried in great excitement.

One of the bystanders answered, disgustedly, "Oh, Jollon just dived into the soup after an oyster and a crab bit him."

—F. E. SWIGER.

★ ★

On Tuesday night, last, the Big Six of Ward I-1 staged a big election night party. There was a local significance to the celebration on account of the election of William Martin (Bill) over S. L. Patterson (Solomon Levi) as Ward Representative at Washington to secure furloughs at Christmas.

The Big Six consisted of Martin, the successful candidate, and political leaders Jollon (former Brooklyn Tammany man and ward leader), Gater (corporation man of Indianapolis), Jones (a coming political leader of Arizona), and Frankowiak of Pennsylvania (Socialist Leader that sells out party to highest bidder). Invitation was extended to the defeated candidate, Patterson, who joined in the jollification and apparently was scarcely disgruntled over his defeat. (At date of going to press, the rumors that Patterson sold out have not been substantiated).

When The Oteen representative dropped in on the party, the Bevo was flowing freely and appeared to be a plentiful supply of food—delicious cheese crackers and luscious Carolina apples. The Oteen man before departure noticed that several of the party were weathering a storm, in particular, Martin, Gater, and Patterson.

We have learned on creditable authority that several of the party feared that Martin and Patterson would not last out the night without aid and therefore endeavored to help them by preparing their beds with a conglomerate mixed of nine parts salt and one part water. Martin and Patterson have not yet discovered their kind friends to bestow suitable reward upon them, but they still have hopes of learning the names of their benefactors. —S.L.P., WARD I-5.

★ ★

"Miss Jackson."

"Yes, Haile, what is it?"

"Miss Jackson, the time has come when I must ask you a question concerning a thing, the weight of which has caused me

two sleepless nights and days of anxiety. The subject is one I dare not communicate to anyone, for you know hearts have been broken, homes shattered, and sometimes whole communities have been upset by the same cause—yet I dare not communicate my state of mind to my mother, for you know how stern and severe mothers always are in their ideas concerning such a matter and there would be only one answer for me. So in my distress I appeal to you concerning the matter, for you are closely connected with it, and while you are carefully considering it, I beg of you to lay aside all social joys, cares, and devote yourself unreservedly to giving this the proper attention. And in the meantime when the dawn illuminates the glorious horizon, I will reward you with a most beautiful compensation for your most estimable kindness. But, to the question: "Do you think it is time for me to change my socks?"

MERELY A RHYME

The dance was in full swing
When Johnny entered the door.
Officers and fair nurses
Were prancing around the floor.

Oh, Johnny was a dub,
Who wore not the gold braid,
But spying out his dearest
He ran to her and said:

"Come, my lovely flower,
Away from yonder wall.
Come to my arms, and
We'll trip around the hall."

She looked at him, and
Then the smile it died,
As with a face of anguish
These were the words she cried:

"Oh, my handsome Johnny,
For us it is under the ban,
I am a Red Cross nurse
And you're an enlisted man."
—S.L.P.

★ ★

Just as the morning sun.
Herald of the coming day,
Does rise out of eastern hills,
And drive the shadows away,
So does the gift of you
Strengthen me throughout,
Fill me with courage
And drive away all doubt—
Oh, OTEEN! —S.L.P.

It was before the quarantine was laid on Hospital. One of the newly arrived Detachment was making a request for a pass.

"Lieutenant, sir, I would like to get a pass to Asheville for the week-end."

"Weak end?" repeated the officer. "'Tis true we are not ready to treat head trouble yet, so I guess you can go to Asheville for it."

★ ★

Now the war is over and we have peace once more,

I want to go back to Oklahoma, where I've been before.

I have tried to obey the rules like a man
And do my duty for God and Uncle Sam.
I ask for no claims, but simply wish my pay;

I can do a hard day's work, and I want to get away. —F. E. POWELL.

★ ★

The nurse in charge of ward was in habit of giving out orders for the day to the orderlies the first thing in the morning. She had a habit of talking fast when she had several things to say and on this morning she was faster-tongued than usual.

"Poore," she said, "I want you to go the ice-box and wind up the clock."

★ ★

WARD I-5

"Pills! I'm getting mighty tired of taking pills," said Ham. "I have taken so many iron pills that after a rainy night I have rust in my mouth."

★ ★

"Hello, Nurse."

"Yes; what is it?"

"My hands are cold."

"All right, there is the radiator."

★ ★

The patient thought he had made a hit with the night nurse until the following incident. As the lights went out, he called to the nurse:

"Pretty nurse, you haven't kissed me good-night yet."

"Just a minute," she replied, "and I will get the orderly. He does all the rough work."

★ ★

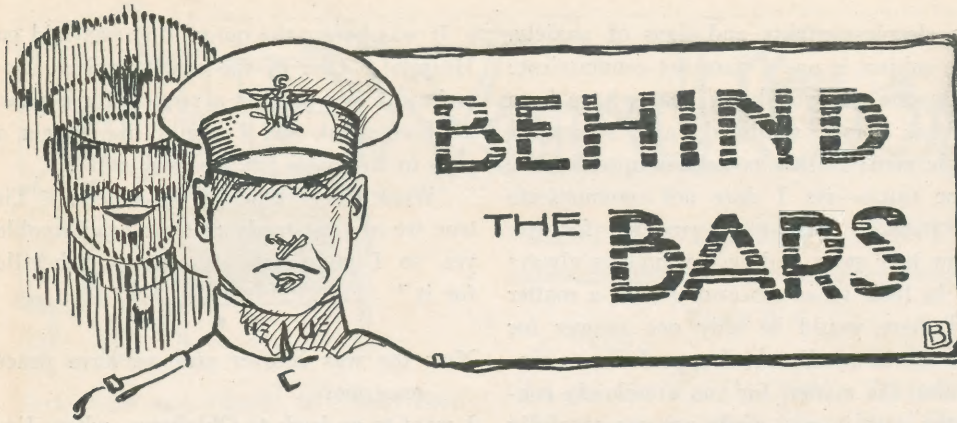
"Hey! Jones! Come here."

"I can't. I am in bed with my socks off."

"Aren't you able to walk this far without your socks?"

"No. I am not strong enough."

WARD 3 7 12 WARDEI WARD 6 9 ARD 8 ARD 4 WARD C2 WARD 5 D 10 ARD 11 WARD 15 0



AH!!!

The other day

* * *

About an hour

* * *

Before retreat

* * *

We saw two nurses

* * *

In a car

* * *

With two lieutenants

* * *

From our ward

* * *

We held our breath

* * *

And wondered what

* * *

Would happen next

* * *

And then we learned

* * *

They *all* were patients

* * *

Back from France

* * *

And so you see

* * *

It was alright

* * *

We breathed again

* * *

Quite freely

* * *

I thank you.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Timid Officer asks — "In view of the Huns breaking the armistice pact, what would you advise in my case?"

"Positives" can be obtained from the Ordnance Department by requisition.

★ ★

West Front asks—"Why do my pulse and temperature rise during the afternoon rest period?"

Ans. ()

Football Fan asks — "Was the Azalea Team present at the game with the Asheville School on Nov. 9th?"

We were not there, but we understand that they saw the game.

★ ★

New arrivals since last issue are:

CAPTAINS

Pelton, Charles H., *Medical Corps*.

Chartonnet, Pierre, *Medical Corps*.

FIRST LIEUTENANT

Coghill, Harvey D., *Sanitary Corps*.

★ ★

We have additional proof that anticipations always far exceed realization. Now that the quarantine is lifted, we are not so anxious to go to town.

DON'T JOKE A MAN ON FACTS!

'Twas after dinner that the captain suggested that we leave our ward, with a view to celebrating the glorious news that the War was over. Accordingly, we arrayed ourselves in purple and fine linen, and fared forth in search of amusement. And as we journeyed, we came upon a brightly lighted pavilion, whence issued sweet music and sounds of revelry. And we would fain enter therein. But it came to pass that, as we approached, a guardian angel, clad in robes and cap of white, stepped forth and, eyeing us coldly, forbade us enter. And we were cast into outer darkness.

Of all sad words that one can say,

The saddest are these, "You've had your day!"

Through an inadvertence the name of Lieut. Arthur Harris was not listed as being among the patients. Lieut. Harris has been overseas and prior to arriving at this Hospital was in a base hospital in Sevigny.

"What would you rather be, a general or a private?"

"A private. A general has no chance for promotion."

BILL GOES TO TOWN

Dere Maude:

The kwarantene's bin lifted. We aint got to stay here awl the time like we useter. Now we kin get passes every coupler days and go to the city what is only six miles away from here. I went Saturday and had an awfully gud time. It's a grate big city with lots of lites what go out after nine o'clock and so many drug store you cant count them. Most as we useter have saloons back hum before prohibition days. They say they had lots of saloons here too, but when prohibition cum around they made drug stores out of them.

There aint no car what takes you to the city, but yer go in busses. Yer get a beautiful ride fer too bits over a nice smooth rodes in busses what got square wheels. Maybe the wheels aint eggsactly square, but I nos they aint round. Yer get bounced around like a rubber ball and maybe when yer start yer are sitten on the end seat, but when yer finish yer are sitten on someone elsss lap. I hears they aint goner let the nurses ride in the busses.

When yer get to town yer pay the driver the too bits fer the ride (if he's watchin yer) and then maybe take a walk on the main street. Its a wide long street, almost for blocks, surrounded by the Post Office at won end and the square at the other. I staid till most nine o'clock and then took the buss and bounce back to the camp.

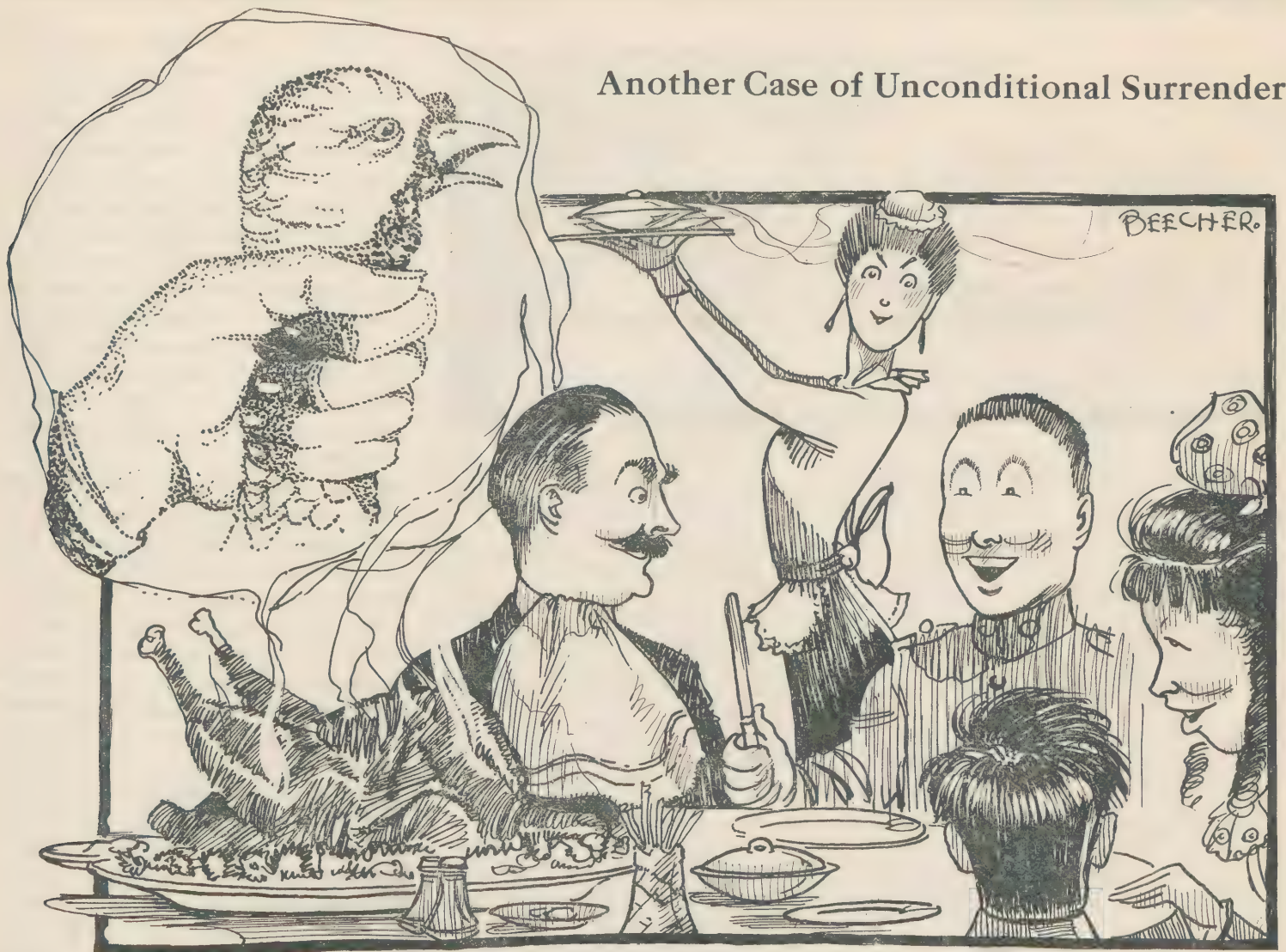
We got som noo fellers in and now I've bin promoted agin. I got job where I only work with offisers. I'm what they call orderlie. I carry awl the important messages and noospaper and letters and packages. I bet my sargent wus sorry to see me leve the reclaimin job, cause he sed "Bill, if yer make as gud an orderlie as yer did a garbage collector, yer shud be weren stripes in no time and they wunt be on yer sleeve ether."

Do yer no Maude my birthday is soon acomin. I dont want yer to think I'm ahintin fer a present caus I aint. I noe yer wud sent me won without me hinten. And so yer dont haf ter think so much of what ter send me I'll tell yer what I want. First I want a furlo (I nos yer cant give me that), then if yer wants yer can give me gloves or sum of them six sent straight cigars yer dad smokes or sox or maybe a sweater. The Red Cross giv me won, but I sold that fer too dolars. If you giv me won I wont sell that, at any rate not till spring.

Espeshully yours,

BILL.

Another Case of Unconditional Surrender



DETACHMENT NOTES

In the first issue of The Oteen I spoke of Loyalty as being one of the cardinal principles in the makeup of a soldier. At no time can this be better proven than right now by sticking to the boys here who have broken down in service and seeing them through. Today is the time to show your loyalty to your country and to the boys who have stood the brunt of the fighting "over there." I keenly realize, as do the rest of the Command, that many of the men under our jurisdiction are giving their thoughts and hopes to those back home, and to the all-important factor of getting back into business and into your old spheres. You, along with the other three million men, have given your best into the service. The Government is fully aware of that. But all big machines work slowly. You must be patient, and realize that upon you rests the getting of all of these men back to their normal state. Only your unceasing sticking to the duties assigned to you will guarantee this. I am sure every one of us would rather been in the Big Fight—but in the showdown we've all proven soldiers.

Furloughs will come to everyone of the men. Merit and the man's attitude toward his work will largely count in granting leaves. As decisions are made at Washington you shall be advised of them in the shortest order—and the developments of the next few weeks are bound to effect the status of many of us.

Let us finish up the fight in good order. Ours has been a quiet one and we have been given little applause, still it has been an all-important one. From now on it's up to just you and me. Let us stick endlessly to the job and smile our way out.

—LIEUT. W. L. WHITE.

THIRTY NEW MEN ARRIVE

The Medical Detachment was augmented by thirty new men who arrived Monday afternoon. They were transferred from the Syracuse Recruit Camp. Sergeant First Class Garsley accompanied the men here. In the complement there are also three sergeants, and three corporals. With the new arrivals there are now two hundred and ninety seven medical men attached to this camp.

NEW PHONE SYSTEM INSTALLED

Oteen now has a complete telephone system installed. The operator will be located in Headquarters Building. There are five trunk lines and about forty extensions. As occasion demands additional extensions will be added. The wards have been geographically grouped and each group has a telephone. This will make it possible to communicate with any ward from the Headquarters Building, thereby eliminating to a great extent the use of orderlies and messengers.

A telegraph office will soon be established in camp. At present all telegrams are transmitted through the Asheville Telegraph Office, as oftentimes urgent messages are delayed because of the distance separating us from the office. With the telegraph station in camp it will practically complete our means of rapid communication.

★ ★

Foolish Question: "How can a summary courtmartial be held in the winter?"

★ ★

Issue clothing is issue clothing—that's all there is to it.



I don't mind the setting-up exercises; it's the getting-up exercises that gets my goat.

★ ★

There's one of those nice actin' guys near me that's forever referring to noon-day chow as "lunch."

"Will gas blow up a building?"

"No, but dynamite."

★ ★

Dear Old Lady—"So you're on a mine sweeper, are you? And where do you sweep mines?"

Tar—"Oh, just 'round the tops of 'em, lady, where the dust settles."

—THE TATLER.

★ ★

Pullman Passenger — "Well, Rastus, I hear Uncle Sam is now in charge of your sleeping car."

Porter—"Yas, sah, Ah knowed sooner or later he was going to get this here berth-control."

★ ★

THE NEW YORK IDEA

Noah—"Why are you so angry, Saint Peter?"

Saint Peter (slamming the gate)—"One of those newly arrived New Yorkers asked me if I was the janitor."

★ ★

LOTS OF 'EM

Lots of men have a good aim but no ammunition.

★ ★

"What a tender-hearted woman Mrs. Brown is."

"Very. She always chloroforms her clams before eating them."

He (just engaged)—"Darling, I simply can't kiss you enough."

She (practically)—"Well, why waste any time in talking about it?"

★ ★

The Bald Headed Man — "It used to flatter me when I was young for a barber to ask me if I wanted a shave."

The Tall Chap—"Yes?"

The Bald Headed Man—"Now he flatters me when he asks if I want a hair cut."

★ ★

FRIENDLY INTEREST

"Here's a letter from Dubwaite. His chirography is improving."

"That's good. What's he taking for it?"

★ ★

"I didn't ask you about any land—but have you any reasons why you should not go to the war?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are they?"

"Well, sir, in de first place I've been convicted of a crime 'volving moral turpentine."

"Any other reasons?"

"Yes, sir. De church to which I belongs is consciously opposed to fighting."—Ex.

★ ★

Some folks make money during the day. Others wait till the green cloth is brot forth at night.

★ ★

The Army is the only place where a man can't lie about his salary.

VICTORY CELEBRATION — BY M.D.K.

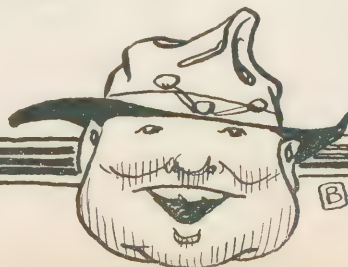
What had been a remote possibility was now a reality—peace had been declared And men were no longer seeking to slay and destroy each other. The report Spread like wildfire through the camp. Even the sceptics believed the report This time. The reservation was in a frenzy of excitement. Men who on the preceed-Ing night were unable to walk, were now marching in long columns through the Camp. Whistles blew madly proclaiming the glad tidings. The very atmosphere Was electric. No one knew from whence the news came but everyone knew that it was so.

And that was sufficient. As the sun came up from its hiding place in the east Casting its reflections of dull pink with intermittant flashes of brilliant Silver over the heavens, long streams of automobiles began entering the post Every conceivable type of conveyance was commandeered and was soon carrying Hysterical happy crowds of nurses and soldiers. They didn't care, war was over and

That was all that mattered. As the effects of the first wild enthusiasm wore Away, without any orders or without any prearranged plans but by some common Intuition a huge parade started. They were victors all, some had been in the Fray and realized what it meant, others had ached to get into it but couldn't. This moving oblong of khaki was soon marching in long regular strides Towards headquarters. Just as the column swept by one of the wards a small Immacuately clad white figure, bareheaded and with a blue cape waving in the breeze came

Running down the steps of the building and disregarding all orders Joined this happy throng and was soon leading the column. She took her Place between two stalwart overseas men and jubilantly danced and sang As the parade progressed. The only woman in some five five hundred men she made An imposing picture. She was not unlike Joan D'Arc on her white charger.

It is little wonder that with such women as she that victory had been ours. As the gentle wind would sweep back her blue cape and expose the red under Side of it she appeared to symbolize America itself. According to a recent Edict from Washington no nurses shall associate with any enlisted man and What I want to know who will get the thirty days in the cooler, the nurse Or the men. I thank you. —M.D.K.



RED CROSS DOINGS

Last evening a dignified audience of nurses and officers were patiently awaiting the beginning of the well arranged programme when suddenly the silence of the Red Cross hall was completely broken by the appearance of "Charlie Chaplin," who, having committed some crime against "The Duke of Azalea and his bosom friend, "The Count de Coniac," was seeking refuge in the place, having mistaken it for a church meeting. Charlie succeeded in eluding his original pursuers, only to be captured by one of the members of the audience. His capture putting before the minds of those hitherto eager to capture him visions of thirty days in the guard house, and they realizing that discretion was in this case the better part of valor, attempted to evaporate. But it was only a few minutes before all three were rounded up and brought into the ante-room by the Red Cross Secretary, Mr. Moore, and in answer to his invitation had promised to put on a sketch for the amusement of those present.

The speakers of the evening having finished their well delivered and pointed orations, Mr. Moore introduced the impromptu entertainers and Priv. Murphy being elected to break the ice, came before the audience, no longer "The Count De Coniac," but simply a doughboy back from the trenches of the western front. His part of the programme was a recitation of a poem written by himself in memory of his comrade, who was killed by his side in the Drive of the Marne last July. That his effort was appreciated was evident from the storm of applause which came at the end of his recitation.

Then came Priv. Montre, alias "Charlie Chaplin," and Priv. Cahill, alias "The Duke of Azalea." They began their sketch with a volley of humorous witticisms, which started the house on their trip over the hills of laughland and drove from the hearts and faces of those present all signs of seriousness and monotony.

Their story on the stage was one happy round of laughter and they left the gathering in a whirl of happy dancing which began with the closing of their act. —D.D.M.

Whenever we see a fat detachment man we wonder where he is feedin'.

★ ★

You'd never know some nurses was on the reservation till you're told not to have dates with 'em.

To keep pace with the increasing population of G. H. 19 I have enlarged my store. I am now well equipped to serve the officers, nurses and men with all kinds of soft drinks, sandwiches, candy etc.

C. P. LINGERFELT

*At the Entrance to the Post
Azalea, N. C.*

Paramount
DRUG CO.

PRESCRIPTIONS filled promptly and compounded of the purest, freshest drugs. Three competent registered pharmacists.

SICK ROOM SUPPLIES, including a large stock of Rubber Goods of the best makes.

LUNCHEONETTE DEPARTMENT, where you will find palatable soups, sandwiches, etc.

FOUNTAIN DRINKS, the best and most appetizing in the city.

MUSIC by Pappalardo's three-piece Orchestra each afternoon from 4 to 6.

43 PATTON AVENUE

J. S. CLAVERIE, Manager

ALL THE *Coca-Cola* AND SODAS

SOLD AT THIS POST
ARE SUPPLIED BY

COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Every Bottle is Sterilized and Inspected

THE REAL STUFF

It is best to forget the score against our team in the football game with the Asheville School on Saturday, the 9th. In fact, even at this time it has left our memory. But the score is not the thing that counts. Our boys had had only one afternoon of practice, they did not have the necessary training, they had no football togs, they slipped and slid and fell because they had no cleats in their shoes, they steamed and puffed and they bled. One of our men came to the side line to check the blood streaming down his face not because he was worrying about severed blood-vessels or loss of blood or marred beauty, but only because, as he said, the blood was dripping down on the ball as he bent over it and so interfered with the game. And the pep they all showed, and the ginger and stick-to-it-iveness! It was great! It was the same stuff that beat the Hun to his knees. It was the same stuff that thrusts the bayonet and withdraws it—with a grunt each way. It was the old fighting spirit. It augurs well for sports at U.S.A. Gen. Hosp. 19. Such spirit in the face of difficulties is the sort we want our Hospital to stand for in work as well as on the field, and it is going to be applauded and supported every time.

—LIEUT. J.B.S.

THE RED CIRCLE

The Red Circle Hotel at No. 370 Depot Street, Asheville, will be the center of active social life this winter and the hostesses in charge are planning to give several small and early dances for the entertainment of the men in uniform.

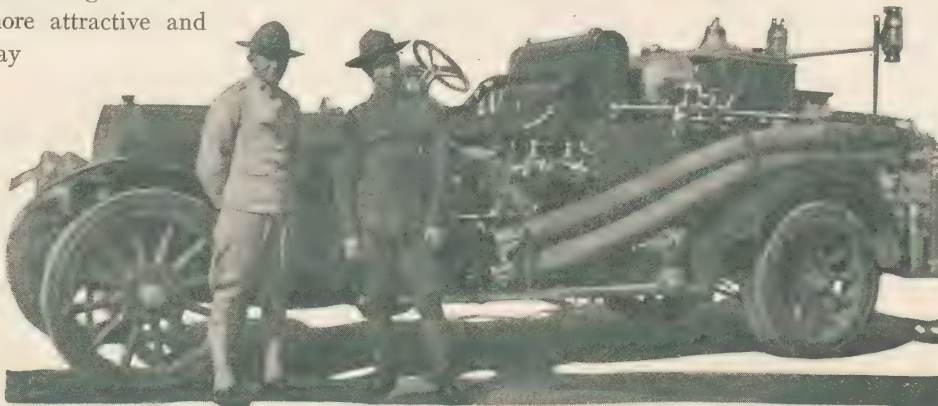
The only return asked of those who wish to attend is that every man who desires to be invited will either register at the Red Circle Club, No. 16 Broadway, or at the hotel. Or applications for invitations may be addressed to "The Hostess," Red Circle Hotel, No. 370 Depot Street. Young ladies of Asheville and vicinity will assist at these functions and that means nothing could be added to make them more attractive and pleasant for the boys away from home.



A PART OF THE PEACE CELEBRATION AT GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19, WAS THE FORMAL RAISING OF THE ALLIED FLAGS. RETREAT TIME MARKED A SALUTE TO EACH OF THE FLAGS AS THEY WERE LOWERED.

EIGHT HOUR SCHEDULE RESUMED

The civilian army of workers here at Oteen, starting on Monday morning last, resumed their former work schedule. Eight hours' work will constitute their day, starting at 8:00 in the morning, and quitting at 5:00 in the afternoon. The official change comes from Washington—and will do away entirely with overtime, and working beyond the standard time of eight hours a day. It is understood, now that peace has come, that this will be the uniform working day. With the shortened hours and the vast quantity of construction ahead for the contractors, it will mean that the civilian employees will be held on the reservation for an indefinite period.



OUR NEW TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR LA-FRANCE CHEMICAL FIRE ENGINE, NOW ON ACTIVE DUTY. FIRE CHIEF RUFF AND CHIEF OF POLICE KNIGHT IN THE FOREGROUND. (THE \$10,000.00 EXPENDITURE WAS FOR THE APPARATUS ONLY).

ADDITIONAL AUTHORIZED HOSPITAL CONSTRUCTION

This Hospital though complete as far as the original specifications and plans called for is constantly undergoing the process of development, and as needs arise for additional construction and facilities authorizations are requested for such. The following have been already granted:

The quarters assigned to the Reconstruction Department, for reconstruction work, have been found entirely inadequate and the construction of two curative work shops and schools have been authorized in consequence.

The Administration Building has been found to be too small to accommodate all the Administrative Offices and the request has been granted for the enlargement of this Building by the addition of another wing. This will permit the centralization of all the Executive Offices.

A Detachment Infirmary for the Detachment Medical Department stationed at this Hospital was overlooked on the original specifications for this Hospital and consequently the construction of such Infirmary has been authorized.

An additional Mess Hall to accommodate our increased number of patients has been authorized.

Funds have been appropriated for the grading of the Hospital Grounds.

LIBERTY BONDS

Subscribers to the Fourth Liberty Loan may now procure their Bonds, which have arrived, from the Liberty Loan Officer, Capt. Griggs.

MOTOR TRANSPORT CORPS

The Motor Transport Corps established under General Order No. 75 is represented at this Hospital by an acting Motor Transport Corps' Officer, First Lieutenant H. R. Hooker, and by a Detachment Motor Transport Corps of six men: Sergeant Joseph B. Brady, Corporals Russell E. Ambrose, Oscar Albert Blixt, Lincoln T. Kruger, and Privates Charles W. Kukuk, and Robert Neville.

The Motor Transport Corps has taken over all motor-driven vehicles, accessories and equipment pertaining to the upkeep and running of such transportation.

THE CALL TO DUTY

The one great factor in connection with the soldier problem, it seems to me, in successfully handling patients is a knowledge of human nature. This knowledge can only be obtained by careful and prolonged study. You men are not being treated as so many cases of medical interest but as human individuals, each presenting different peculiarities and it is our duty to know these peculiarities in order to successfully treat your case. We desire to be considered as your friend, father and confessor. Your peculiarities are noticed by the Surgeon and the Nurse on admission, and in this way you are cared for the more intelligently. Nothing is of greater help in treating the patient than to prove to him that you know all about him without his telling you himself. Nothing will surprise you more than to feel we are ahead of you and waiting for you to catch up. Soldiers are not different from others, they are not all bad, but their training and experiences have made them like children on a holiday, they like to show their independence. Of course there are the troublesome ones with whom little or nothing can be done, but the main thing is to decide whether a patient is wilful or ignorant, in his actions. If wilful it is almost impossible to help him, if ignorant he should come to us for help and it will be freely given.

You all should consider yourselves fortunate that places have been provided, by the Government, in which you may regain your health and strength. No expense has been spared to make these places the best in the world, in every way. You should not demand "this or that" as your right. I am not minimizing, in this connection, the credit and honor due you for your loyalty and for the sacrifices you have made, but you should feel that you still owe it to your Country to try and get back your health and to fit yourself to lead a future useful life. Co-operation is the secret of success. You have helped your Country; your Country, while sympathizing with your misfortune, is trying to help you and an effort is being made to educate you to this point of view, so that you may still further serve your Country. Getting well from disease is no child's play and requires just as much heroism as does the field of battle and the honor and glory is just as great. It requires just as much effort on the part of the Surgeon as on the part of the soldier and this, both Surgeon and soldier should realize. Each of you presents a different problem and it is our duty to

solve this problem in the most efficient manner possible. The solution demands co-operation and without it we may hope for but little.

One of the most valuable, if not the most valuable, adjunct in the treatment is the re-construction of the individual, thereby not only restoring him to health and strength but also making him a more useful citizen, both to the community and to his family. You are taught to be leaders, where you were formerly followers. You are taught your limitations and how to conserve your strength; you are returned to the Country with a higher education and as a result, more valuable citizens. You should welcome this opportunity to regain your health and strength and at the same time the opportunity of learning to be of greater service in the world.

We are endeavoring to treat you all as men and as human beings and we ask you to give us of your best. The combat against disease is just as important and even more so than the actual strife of battle, and there is just as much honor attached to those engaged in this work as to those who have served on the field of battle. They have borne their share of the conflict, ours is just beginning and it is the duty of each of us to fight on, even if the glamor is missing. Our Country still needs us and it is our duty, and we should consider it a privilege to answer this call and to serve just as honorably and faithfully, as we have in the past, until we are told our task is done.

—CAPT. DAVID TOWNSEND.

INTERVIEWS WITH AZALEA'S
PROMINENT PEOPLE

I. AMOS GREENPEA, MERCHANT

Q.—"Good-morning, Mr. Greenpea. Are you as black as you are painted?"

A.—"No, decidedly not; didn't I buy four War Savings Stamps, advertise in The Oteen, and don't I knock the Kaiser all the time?"

Q.—"Is it true that you were born in Brooklyn?"

A.—"Now don't get personal."

Q.—"Do you believe what your signs say regarding fresh pies?"

A.—"How foolish. If my patrons don't, why should I?"

Q.—"Is there any foundation to the rumor that the reason you now serve ice cream in plates is because you cannot get any cones since the Government has put a restriction on paper?"

Q.—"Why did you come to Azalea originally?"

A.—"You can search me."

Q.—"Is it true that you began your present business on a shoestring?"

A.—"That's a lie. I started in with candy."

Q.—"On what basis do your salesmen work?"

A.—"Salary and promises."

Q.—"How is that divided?"

A.—"For two weeks it's fifty-fifty. After that I keep the salary and they keep the promises."

Q.—"And during those two weeks do they use the brains that God gave them?"

A.—"He didn't give them any."

Q.—"How can you tell?"

A.—"If they had brains they wouldn't be with me."

Q.—"Do you put lamb in your chicken croquettes?"

A.—"None of your da——. Say, that's a good idea. Have a cigar."

Q.—"Before leaving, Mr. Greenpea, is there any message you desire to convey to the boys at camp?"

A.—"Tell them I now handle steak, buss tickets, western sandwiches, phonograph records, and can serve a chicken dinner for a dollar that can't be duplicated for sixty cents anywhere."



UNION CAFÉ

B. M. SHEPHERD, Proprietor

Overlooks the Azalea Hospital

A RESTAURANT catering to the wants of Azalea's civilian and soldiering population. Our specialty is Ham and Eggs.

Join the "Noon-Day" Crowd

*The Home of House Furnishings
High-grade Furniture
for the Complete Home*

Donald & Donald

26 BROADWAY
ASHEVILLE,
N. C.

Phone 441

The Post Exchange

IN THE HEART OF THE CAMP—AND
WE WANT IT TO BE IN THE HEART
OF EVERY MAN

Headquarters for the Sale of *The Oteen*

YOUR INSURANCE POLICY

Many cancellations of Army Insurance are taking place, and the Command feel it their duty to admonish the men to think seriously before taking the step from which they cannot retrieve. The biggest men in the country acknowledge the \$10,000 army policy the best investment in the world—and for so small an amount. Stop and think you men of the Post, and realize that you're sacrificing a safe future in throwing over your policies—and for the mere three or six dollars a month. Have you present dependents, or do you ever expect to be married? Have you ever known what this amount of protection will cost you from standard insurance companies? Nearly double the amount—and is there a company in the States with the backing of the Government you're working under now?

But, seriously, how does the carrying of insurance affect us as patients with the possibility of a discharge in the near future? The claim allowances which replace pensions of other wars, are paid to dependent relatives of deceased soldiers and to partially or totally disabled soldiers, who have contracted injury or disease in line of duty, not through their own misconduct. Claims vary from \$30.00 a month for total disability of a single man, to \$95.00 for a married man with a number of children dependent on him. To secure claims, a disabled soldier must go before a board of army doctors, they passing upon the extent of his disability.

Insurance is intended primarily for the dependents unless a man be permanently disabled—and that being the case he shall receive designated monthly payments in addition to his claim of allowance on account of disability.

A soldier's Government Policy is *not* cancelled upon his discharge from the service. The War Risk Act states that within a period of five years after the signing of peace terms each policyholder shall be given an opportunity to convert his policy into old line insurance *without further physical examination*, or into an endowment policy at but a slightly increased rate.

In conclusion let me say that the man who drops his Government Insurance to utilize the money for other small purposes at this time and does so knowing the actual benefits of it to himself, or to his dependents, can be regarded as little less than a fool, for he is depriving himself, or his dependents, present or future, of what is rightfully theirs.

SGT. SARDIS L. PATTERSON, Ward I-5.

THE HELL YOU SAY

Just what is meant by this word "Hell"
 They say sometime it's cold as Hell
 Sometimes they say it's hot as Hell
 When it rains hard it's Hell they cry
 It's also Hell when it is dry
 They hate like Hell to see it snow
 It's a Hell of a wind when it starts to blow
 Now how in Hell can anyone tell
 Just what is meant by this word "Hell?"

This married life is Hell they say
 When you come home late there is Hell to
 pay
 It's Hell when the kids you have to tote
 When they start to bawl it's a Hell of a note
 It's Hell when the doctor sends his bill
 For a Hell of a lot of trips and pills
 When you get this see if you can tell
 Just what is meant by this word Hell?

Hell yes, Hell no, and Oh Hell too
 The Hell you don't and the Hell you do
 And what the Hell, and the Hell he is
 And the Hell with yours and the Hell with
 his.

Now who in Hell and Oh Hell where
 And what the Hell do you think I care
 But the Hell of it is, and it sure is Hell
 We don't know what in Hell is Hell.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Don't be a chronic kicker; if you must
 kick, make it swift and sure.

★ ★

Sufficient to the day are the twenty-four
 hours thereof.

★ ★

Honest men are almost as scarce as silent
 women.

★ ★

Money talks, but seldom comes when
 called.

★ ★

Don't attempt to swindle a mule; he is
 apt to get back at you.

★ ★

The country is always divided on politics
 —cussing or discussing.

★ ★

The good time we bump into is a great
 deal better than the one we plan.

★ ★

The higher a fellow is promoted in the
 Army, the more solemn he gets.

★ ★

When a fellow begins to burn his money,
 look out for a hot time. —R.

Your Portrait

for the Holidays

will delight the home folks and
 preserve the memory of your
 patriotic service. Make the
 appointment today. Phone 775

The Pelton Studio

Next to Princess Theatre

WHEN IN TOWN MAKE YOUR DRUG STORE
 HEADQUARTERS THE

BROADWAY PHARMACY

R. H. ROTH, Ph.G.

12 BROADWAY

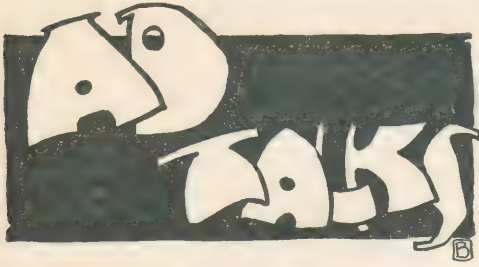
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

If you need anything in Hardware or
 Sporting Goods come to

OTTIS GREEN HARDWARE CO.

11 West Pack Square

A jack-knife is a handy thing to
 carry in your pocket. We have a large
 assortment at attractive prices.



ARMS AND THE GIRLS

Before the war girls were notorious for being large candy eaters. But since the advent of the million lads into khaki the girls have lost this reputation. From morning until night the Post Exchange at G. H. 19 is busy selling candy of all kinds to 2000 men.

"A box of chocolate please" brings anybody's brand over the counter."

Why not have YOUR brand asked for at the Post Exchange and in Asheville, Mr. Candy Manufacturer, you can do it—thru the advertising pages of *The Oteen*.

ANOTHER DINNER

Grove Park Inn is to be the scene of another dinner, given by Mr. and Mrs. Seely, during the week. Thursday evening last was a festive occasion for the nurses of G. H. No. 19. The participants at this dinner will be the night nurses, the female technicians, secretaries and executive aides in the camp.

It's a big place, Azalea—and you can't keep in touch with the multifarious and interesting activities unless you read *The Oteen*. Your mother, sweetheart, sister, will appreciate reading about our big Hospital and small city. A dollar will keep them interested for seventeen weeks — so obey that impulse and pin that dollar to the subscription blank on another page—and we will dispatch the copies each week promptly.

Approached a portly gent last evening in Pack Square, gently slapped him on the back and asked, "Old sport, give me a match," whereupon the Hon. William Jennings Bryan turned with a beam and dug up the wherewithal!

Many soldiers lag when walking Post,

They're weary, they confess;

But they're the very guys who beat

Their buddies into mess!

A soldier would rather have a piece of exclusive rumor any time than a drink at the Exchange.

WITH THE

Declaration of Peace

COMES

OUR DECLARATION THAT WE ARE STILL ON THE FIRST LINE
FOR LADIES READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHING

LOWENBEIN-RUTENBERG CO.

45 PATTON AVE., ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Antiseptic Barber Shop

C. M. WILLIAMS, *Manager*

*Expert Manicuring
and
Efficient Service*

No. 1 PATTON Av. ASHEVILLE

OFFICERS, ATTENTION

We carry a superior line of officers boots at reasonable prices. Let us fit you with your next pair —will fit you right.
Nurses too, come to us for your shoes.

Boston Shoe Store, Inc.

PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT—

- Roland Pierce lives a double life?
- Nat Weiss will be nineteen come next January?
- Miss Wagner will be seen in Asheville this week?
- Sergeant Erpf has used hair tonic successfully for two years?
- Laskey could drive a team of mules?
- Sergeant Radford comes out to Camp each morning on a bicycle?
- Mike O'Connor is engaged?
- Zabin was a sparring partner for Battling Nelson?
- Some of us may soon be sent to an Officers' Training Camp?
- Buck Freeman only weighs two hundred and ninety pounds?
- Nine patients were refused furloughs?
- Hornik earns his thirty a month?
- Barren Bean and Lingerfelt are good friends?
- Brady will make the *all-plastic* football team?
- We have not had sow-belly for three days?
- Kid Leonard is married and has four children?
- Miss Trebbing has sore lips from dancing?
- We will spend a Happy New Year?
- Sonntag is being overworked?
- Dr. Jackson was a member of the "Merry Widow Chorus?"
- The Red Cross is going to give a dance and turkey supper for the enlisted men?
- Klingenstein will return from furlough with a bride?
- Gilligan has placed his order for Pass-over Matzo's?
- We would miss our setting-up exercises?
- That the South is warm in the winter? *Well' it ain't.* —E.L.

FOOTBALL GAME SATURDAY

Little discouraged by the defeat at the hands of the Asheville School for Boys the football team of G. H. No. 19 are going back at them this coming Saturday on the Campus of the School, West Asheville. A much better showing should be made as the men have had a great deal of workout—at the able hand of Lieut. Hooker, who is to play quarterback. The backfield are Lt. Hooker, Dahl, Adrian and Lowey. It is hoped to have a good representation of rooters from the Hospital. Transportation can be obtained to West Asheville from the Square.

Thanksgiving Day! A day on which every one of us can give a heartfelt prayer of thanks. Never in the history of the world has there been a Thanksgiving Day like this one will be.

Do your shopping early.

...The Leader...

Can be of real service to you in selecting gifts.

Large stocks of unusual and appreciated merchandise always on hand.
A Modern Department Store in all its Branches.

H. Redwood & Co.

7 and 9 Patton Ave.

Asheville, N. C.

One Price Store Since 1881

An Excellent Autumn Stock of

Suits, Dresses, Skirts, Coats, Etc., for Women; Dainty Waists, Neckwear, Corsets, Underwear, Etc., Hats and Shoes for Everybody, Gloves, Hose, Ribbons, Embroideries, Etc.; Fine Dry Goods, Fancy Goods and Smallwares. A Large Stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing.

THANKSGIVING should come to all of us this year as a special time for prayer and reflection for Peace has returned to the Earth and our own boys had much to do with bringing about this condition in a world that had been at war.

SMITH'S DRUG STORE

The Rexall Store

ESTABLISHED 1869

We offer the best of service at either end of the line—Asheville or Biltmore.
Use our Stores for your convenience.

BILTMORE DRUG STORE

S. STERNBERG & CO.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*We Buy Anything
and
Sell Everything*

Correspondence Solicited

PATTON AVE. **KRESS'** ASHEVILLE N. C.
5-10 AND 25 CENT STORE

*When in town visit S. H. Kress & Company
The 5, 10 and 25c Store—A Dollar
Goes Far Here*

ALL ASHEVILLE KNOWS GROSS

*As the place where you can get
dainty and delicious sandwiches,
Piping Hot Winnies. Sweet Milk
—direct from the Gross Farm,
served in bottles only.*

The Winnie Shop



No. 7 BROADWAY
OPPOSITE THE LANGREN

(Continued from page 2)

in my luxurious "stall," and unEnglishlike we sang the songs of Broadway, much to the discomfort of our next door neighbors—who by the looks of them through the glass partitions were not conscious that a war was going on—so intent were they in scowling at us and scanning their Baedaker.

As things quieted down we began to sense the beauty of the surrounding country. New England with its Berkshires I had thought the only country which specialized in scenery. Yet these English flat lands held us, with their beautiful meadows and sweeping moors — dotted here and there with the thatched roofs of farmhouses and estates. In passing through towns in the dim we lustily shouted greetings to the natives. The men invariably returned with their lazy English salute, whereas the women folks would stand at their doors joyfully waving the good old Stars and Stripes—making the pulse of everyone of us pick up a bit.

We arrived at the Southampton ship yards at dusk, and rumors had it we were to immediately board ship for some port unknown—across the Channel. We were doomed to a happy disappointment. Our Captain shouted an "at rest"—and there were the Red Cross workers ready and anxious to give us coffee and doughnuts. Let me say right here that the one big salvation to the boys seeing service abroad has been the Red Cross, the K. C. and Salvation Army. Never did we hit a "pinch" in our travels, whether it was during transportation or up on the front line trenches, that these worthy folks, like watching angels, were not right on the job to give us every comfort they could afford—speeding us on our way happier.

Our packs adjusted we were given a two-mile march through the hilly streets to an immense rest camp, where soldiers of all the Allied Nations were quartered for a period to rest up, for the last leg of their journey to the trenches. We were assigned to tents—holding twelve men each—and it wasn't long before we were another variety added to that gregarious lot—Tommies and Poilus, Italians, Canadians, Scots, and queer-looking Indian troopers—all swapping cigarettes and smiles in the company streets. That is, we found them devoid of smokes, and felt duty bound to supply the Allied Armies entirely with cigarettes and candy that night. It wasn't long before the town learned of we strange Americans being in Camp. During the three days we grew to love those English folks who tried to make our way easier—and to dislike those

seasoned and tanned soldiers—who seemed bent on reminding us it would take years to make real fighters of us. As it happened it took just two hours—as six of our contingent polished off a dozen of their mixed variety for some light remark—showing the worthwhileness of American knuckles—and off went their hats to us thereafter.

Our stay up, we left on the fourth night—aboard one of the swiftest English channel boats. As though the devil were after us we tore through the darkness to La Havre, France, which was to be, we learned, near to Sartes, our ultimate destination. Never will I forget the cheers we gave for the country whose shores we had reached at last, and which many of us would never again leave.

Three hours' journey out of La Havre, on queer little dwarf freight cars, brought us into the zone, which was to hold as an active warring area for months to come. Up to this time the seriousness of our mission hadn't caught us, but as we heard the rumbling of the guns, we realized that it wasn't an approaching thunderstorm, but the actual hammering of the cannons—and they seemed to call us away from our holiday into the actual grim territory where they were hammering the Huns. We began to get nervous that they weren't going to stop that "huckleberry" train short of bringing us into the actual blaze of the artillery, when they veered us off and carried us on another thirty miles to our base—into the town of Sartes one of those quiet little French villages—where we were to undergo rigid training—then to be brought back into the warring zone—to do our damndest.

(To be continued)

"THE LID IS OFF"

The quarantine was officially lifted at General Hospital No. 19 on Saturday last. After seven weary weeks, freedom stares us in the face, and what shall we do with our hours, now that the old schedule of order is to take effect? Every man in the camp has withstood the forced quarantine with much fortitude—knowing it was the only way out. It is with much pride we learn that our camp was acknowledged to have less sickness and mortality pro rata than any other camp in the United States, which in itself reflects much credit on our Command in their regard for our wellbeing.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The photographs in this issue are accredited to Josef Feinstein, who is diligently endeavoring to keep us supplied with fitting illustrations

THE JAPANESE PAGODA Gift Shop

Now Open on the Main Floor

For a Christmas Remembrance to send home, select something from the Two Hundred Articles displayed here.

Bon Marche

WELCOME SOLDIERS

The Wachovia Bank & Trust Company welcomes to Western North Carolina our soldiers now stationed at Azalea. For those who are here to enjoy the healthful influences of the wonderful climate, and for those who are here in the discharge of their patriotic duty, a most happy and profitable sojourn is wished.

The officers and employees of this Bank will feel particularly favored when an opportunity presents itself whereby they can serve you in any way.

You are cordially invited to make full use of the facilities of North Carolina's Largest Bank.

WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST COMPANY

Member Federal Reserve System

Capital and Surplus Two Million Dollars

THE WORTH OF A SMILE

The thing that goes the farthest towards making life worthwhile,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellowmen
Will drive away the clouds of gloom and coax the sun again,
It's full of worth and goodness too with many a kindness blest,
It's worth a million dollars and it does not cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile.

It always has the same good luck—it's never out of style.

It nerves us on to try again, when failure makes us blue.

The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you.

It pays a higher interest, for it is merely lent—

It's worth a hundred thousand dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

ASHEVILLE BOOTERY CO., INC.

*Shoes and Hosiery
Dealers in Exclusive*

We Specialize in Quality, Style
and Moderate Prices

47 PATTON AVE., ASHEVILLE

HERE IT IS IN PLAIN ENGLISH

Menu

Roast Turkey with Dressing	
Cranberry Sauce	Baked Sweet Potatoes
Celery	Beet Pickles
Lettuce Salad, Mayonnaise Dressing	
Mince Pie	

MUSIC

Sanitary Drinking Cups furnished.

The new dining room is ready. Reserve your table now—tomorrow may be too late.

BARON BEHEN'S WAYSIDE INN

At the Fork in the Road

RECONSTRUCTION AIMS

The armless soldier with his substituted hook for a hand has come to be a type of the new work of rehabilitation that has been going on among the maimed and crippled warriors of Europe. There is something new and picturesque about the accounts of the accomplishments of science in this particular field of human reconstruction. However, science is confronted with the problem of reconstructing men who have gone down in the army before a foe quite as ruthless and more insidious than the German and quite worthy of taking its place with him and the Turk among the enemies of civilization. Disease has succeeded in putting out of commission half as many men in the American army as have been killed, wounded, and captured by the enemy.

If, then, the lung is somewhat more important in the functioning of the human machine than the arm, the reconstruction of that organ is to say the least no less important, if not so spectacular, than the supplying of missing limbs. It is a matter of no small interest to us that ours is of the most important institutions in the country for carrying on this work of remaking soldiers who have been brought down by this disease.

Quoting from Col. Alexis Forster a recognized authority on tuberculosis. "This malady is really as old as civilization. It is one of those diseases that grow largely out of the conditions of civilization, and since it has made its appearance in the world men have been finding cures for it. That is true today and new methods of cure are being constantly announced." And after a long discussion of the technical phases that interests only physicians he comes to the following statement. "The treatment is pretty well known—rest, food and fresh air."

This brings about another feature of the treatment that we are laying stress upon. A man may rest a strained limb by simply withdrawing it from service. A man's lungs, cannot be rested without resting the whole man. The early stage of the cure then is this rest feature until the perforations in the lungs are healed. In order to administer that to a man he must be inoculated with laziness and later it becomes necessary to exterminate the laziness germ. The treatment from this stage on is the co-operative work of the doctor and the vocational expert. Work is prescribed in gradually increasing doses to the patient and has a two-fold object.

Attention! Your Right Address! Count off a Dollar:

The Oteen, most representative of Camp Papers, will be sent postpaid to any address 17 weeks for a mere dollar bill—or your check pinned to this blank.

Name

Address

First it is administered to the patient on the physician's prescription purely with the idea of toning the man up. But as the physical condition of the man is whipped into better shape the work comes to take on a new importance. A man restored to health not only must make a living but desires to do so and he must engage in some healthful business as a guarantee against this disease.

In the second place men as a rule feel somewhat keenly that because they have had to surrender their positions in life and have been away during the period of the war that they are handicapped when they must return to civil life.

It is the aim of the Reconstruction Department to make men who want to go back into the old life, more sure of themselves because of the training received here and at the same time to give the man who feels they must change their work a new vision into some other field.

—LT. RUTLEDGE.

Henry Van Dyke, in his verse, "*My Work*," has very well revealed the spirit of Azalea Hospital, the spirit of fight of going on.

Let me but do my work from day to day,

In field or forest, at the desk or loom,

In roaring market-place, or transuil room;

Let me but find it in my heart to say,

When a vagrant wishes beckon me astray—

"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;

Of all who live, I am the one by whom

This work can best be done in the right way."

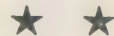
WE ARE NOW "OTEEEN"

The Postoffice Department has established a regular fourth-class postoffice in the southern wing of headquarters. It will no longer be known as Azalea but will be officially designated as "Oteen." Miss Sallie Whitson has been appointed Postmistress by the First Assistant Postmaster General of Washington.

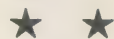
The system of having two deliveries a day will be continued but practically all of the mail will be despatched via Biltmore. A special carrier will deliver the mail from Biltmore and will return the outgoing mail. It is believed with the Biltmore office handling our mail it will expedite the arrival of incoming Southern mail in camp.

It is estimated that over fifteen hundred letters are despatched daily from Oteen and that in the near future it will be possible to remit money orders through this office.

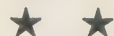
At the Mountain City Laundry
clothes go in soiled and come
out clean and fresh.



Your laundry is delivered to you
when you want it.



Try us with your next lot of
soiled clothes.



MOUNTAIN CITY LAUNDRY

PHONES 426-427

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

A Peace Thanksgiving Dinner!

WE ARE PREPARING AN ESPECIAL-
LY ATTRACTIVE TURKEY DINNER
FOR \$1.00 AT

The Bandanna Kitchen

Engage a table ahead.

M. V. MOORE & CO.

Officers

We can outfit you from hat to boot with the finest military equipment in the country. Hanan's Shoes—Rogers Peet Clothing.

Nurses

Everything woman desires in the line of clothing and Accessories can be found at our store. All your shopping can be done satisfactorily at Moores.

Enlisted Men

Going on furlough soon? Plenty of new things you will need for the trip home. Uniforms, Leggings, Shoes, Etc. See us before you go.

THE RED CROSS NURSE

The Red Cross Nurse comes like a bride,
Attired all in white,
To weave a charm to soothe the harm
Caused by the bullet's bite
These angels of the battlefield
Across the billows ride
To lend a hand in a far off land
At some hurt soldier's side!

What happiness the wounded man
Must get from her kind aid,
When o'er the spot gashed by a shot
Her bandages are laid!
Or when upon that fevered brow
He feels her cooling palm!
Love's virgin kiss can't equal this;
Pain's storm gives way to calm.

A high type of our womanhood
Fills up these blessed ranks;
They pay war's price in sacrifice
For little more than thanks;
And those who fall on either side
Their mercy's touch they share;
Thy're sisters sweet to all they meet
In need of tender care.

When all the wounds of war are healed
And hate's grim sorrows fade,
With pulsing heart we'll read the part
The Red Cross Nurses played;
And in our minds will always gleam
A vision fair in white
That brought sweet joy to the soldier boy
Whose blood flowed in the fight.

—M. J.

IT WAS GREEK TO THEM

One of our Ward Surgeons was trying to explain to his patients and to warn them of that peculiar feeling of wellbeing of sentiments in cases of long drawn out bed cases and a state of mind that makes the patient feel able to attempt more than his poor power permits. The Greeks sum it up shortly and sweetly with the word *Euphoria*. But the ward patients were not Greeks—they were Tartars. At the next meeting several men spoke of the excellent progress they were making and how well they felt — whereupon the ward joy-killer said that if they felt well they were sick, and the bet'er they felt the further they were beyond recall, and anyway they were suffering from hydrophobia — didn't the doctor say so?
Gloom!

—J.B.S.

At the Post Exchange You Get
"CAROLINA SPECIAL"
"The Ice Cream Supreme"



**CAROLINA
CREAMERY
COMPANY**

Superior Milk Products

Soldiers and Nurses will find it exceptionally desirable and satisfactory to buy at the

I. X. L. DEPARTMENT STORE

60 PATTON AVENUE

Everything they or their families need can be purchased here.

Teague's DRUG STORE

N. E. Pack SQUARE

OTEEEN READERS COME HERE
— FOR —

*Hot Chocolate
Holiday Boxes
Candies*

260 ——— PHONES ——— 1996

Red Circle Club

16 BROADWAY

Canteen, Pool, Reading and Writing Room always open.



Red Circle Hotel

370 DEPOT STREET

Open Night and Day. The best of everything at as nearly cost as we can make it.

War Camp Community Service. Every Man in Uniform knows what that means.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

BY BEATRICE BAREBACK

Dear Beat: Now that the war is over,
what shall I do? ANN ZIETY.

Miss Ziety: You should worry.

* * *

Miss Bareback: Is the moon made of
green cheese? PERCY.

Percy: You horrid thing; you have been
drinking again.

* * *

My Dear Miss Beatrice: I am in the
Army. A bets B that it is morning when
we have reveille and B claims that it is
night. What is it? RANK AND FILE.

Rank and File: It is Hell.

* * *

Old Girl: You know everything; how
high is up? IMA KNUTT.

Ima Knutt: Your name explains every-
thing.

* * *

Beatrice Bareback: We have lots of sow
belly in the Army and I like it but I never
realized that they killed so many hogs.

GLUT.

Glut: How did they miss you?

* * *

My Cherie Beatrice: I love zee three
beautiful mam'sells. Oui tres bien. Butt
it verr' deefcult to know their attitude wiz
me. What I do? COUNT YOURCHANGE.

Mr. Countyourchange: I think you are
both Irish and Foolish.

* * *

Hello Kid: When do we get paid?

I. M. PATIENT.

Kid: Let me know and I'll make a date
with you.

THE FIRST QUESTION

New York Girl—"What is he worth?"

Salt Lake City Girl—"How many wives
has he?"

Milwaukee Girl—"Is he naturalized?"

Boston Girl—"Who's his family?"

Louisville Girl—"What does he drink?"

Concord, N. H., Girl—"What is his re-
ligion?"

Detroit Girl—"What car does he drive?"

Reno Girl—"How long has he lived
here?"

Washington Girl—"Whom did he vote
for?"

San Francisco Girl—"Is he a native son?"

New Haven Girl—"What is his college?"

Asheville Girl—"Where is he?"

Prepare for Inspection

We are prepared to have the folks at G. H. 19 inspect our large assortment of

O. D. WOOL SHIRTS
O. D. KHAKI SHIRTS
MILITARY HATS
O. D. SWEATERS

LEATHER PUTTEES
SPIRAL PUTTEES
CANVAS LEGGINGS
O. D. GLOVES

*We are sure you will be pleased when buying from us—you must be for we
guarantee satisfaction.*

R. B. Zageir

8Biltmore Avenue

"Just a Whisper of the Square"

Many useful Articles can be bought for Five and
Ten Cents if you only knew it. Walk thru
our Store and save Money

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

If you want the same Service when in Town that
you get at the Camp, patronize

ST. CHARLES BARBER SHOP

M. E. FELMET
Prop.

7 HAYWOOD ST.
Phone 694

MANICURING

*If our Service Pleases You, Tell Others;
If Not, Tell Us.*

WE specialize in handling uniforms — and make them like new. Our service is efficient and prompt. A card will secure our best attention.

ASHEVILLE STEAM LAUNDRY
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THANKSGIVING DINNER

such as you would enjoy at home will be served from 1 to 3 p.m. and 6 to 8 p.m. at



THE MARTEN
ASHEVILLE CLUB BUILDING

Reserve your table, phone 2889

Brown Hardware Company

25 BROADWAY

ASHEVILLE

*Service is the Biggest Word in the English Language,
and "Service" is our middle name*

We are Sole Eastern representatives of the Peerless Pressure Cooker—and are anxious to demonstrate this 20th Century Marvel—Come in and see it.

CAFETERIA SERVICE AT BIG MESS HALL

The innovation installed this week in the Enlisted Patients' Mess Hall is proving a great success, both for the men themselves, and for the efficiency of the handling of the messes.

The men, under the new regime, upon their entrance into the Mess Hall procure a service tray and the dishes necessary for his food and quickly passes down the line of food tables, taking what he wants—and there is no restriction on the amount he takes—tho' conservation of food is the primary object of the new system.

The novelty of it all appeals to the men, and it has proven a preventer of waste, and a much quicker way of handling the crowd of men, which it is easy to see is increasing each day. And above all, it is proving a great economy in the question of K. P. help—it requiring half of the men as heretofore to dispense the food. Also many minutes are saved in the question of the mess hours—and even tho' it be but ten minutes to the man per meal—the feeding of a thousand three times a day materially counts up to a million minutes a year.

FIRST PATIENTS DISCHARGED

Monday of this week unconsciously played a big part in the ultimate scheme of things at this Hospital—it being the day when our first patients were discharged. Privates White, Fristoe, Buss and Clark, all patients of the Hospital, have been given a clean bill of health, and were instructed to report to the Development Battalion at Camp Wadsworth, where they will undergo training to fit them for active service in their own respective branches.

The nicest command,
And the best,
Is the shortest—
"Rest!"

We are experiencing trouble in getting late articles in the current issues. Material must be in by Monday noon at the latest. Hereafter the Ward boxes will be done away with—and material should be deposited in Contribution Box, on the wall in the Main Hall of the Headquarters Building. Material is coming better, but more representation from the Wards is wanted. So, shoot the stuff in.

The New Haywood Grill

MARION A. PUTMAN

Thirty-Five Haywood Street

We are preparing an especially attractive Thanksgiving Dinner from noon until evening on that day.

Simplify your shopping problems. When in need of anything in the Ready-to-Wear Goods, Dry Goods and Millinery see us. Quality Merchandise plus Economy Prices. If you cannot come in Phone or Write us.

M. LEVITT

3 BILTMORE AVENUE

PHONE 256

Ye Old Fashioned Thanksgiving Dinner Thursday, November 28th, 1 to 3 and 6 to 8 P. M.

"EVERYTHING HOME-MADE"

Laurel Tea House



Menu

Oyster Cocktail	Celery	Beet Pickles	Fruit Punch	Olives
Tomato Bisque	Roast Turkey			
	Cranberry Sauce		Brown Gravy	
Dressing	Roast Young Pig		Apple Sauce	
Mashed Potatoes	Peas and Carrots in Turnip Cups		Baked Hubbard Squash	
Baked Sweet Potatoes	Hot Mince Pie		Waldorf Salad	
Pumpkin Pie	Cake	Crullers	Plum Pudding	
Coffee	Apples	Nuts	Raisins	Milk
	Tea	Cocoa		

Phone 6813—Make Reservations Now

"JUST BE GLAD"

James Whitcomb Riley's words never seemed fraught with so much meaning as on November 11th, when the whole world was rejoicing because of the peace that had come through the Allies' victory over the unspeakable conditions that the German military powers had brought to them. Thanksgiving this year brings greater reason to be glad than ever in the history of our country because we rejoice not only for our own good fortune in having peace reign supreme once more in our glorious land of liberty, but because we were the powerful factor that turned the tide just in time against the rapid advance of the enemy which would have eventually reached our own peaceful shores. We rejoice also that for the first time in the history of wars, so many good women, "honest-to-God women," as the boys in France call them, were able to alleviate the suffering of the sick and wounded and to provide cheer and comfort to millions of soldiers when they returned from the front line trenches. Through the self-sacrificing efforts of the various welfare organizations like the Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., Knights of Columbus, Jewish Welfare and Salvation Army, everything possible was done to make war conditions bearable, and though we know that many hearts are bleeding for loved ones that were lost in the terrible conflict, we cannot help but rejoice and be thankful that these heroes have not died in vain.

—McQ.

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

Did you ever call a girl
And ask for a date
And she gave you one
And the date night came 'round
And you polished your shoes
And borrowed a serge uniform
And cleaned up generally
And were rather excited
And were looking forward for a great time,
And everything,
And bragged to the fellows
And boasted you stood ace high
And that all girls fell
And this one was no exception
And it was nearly time to go
And you took a last look at yourself
And flicked a spot off of your sleeve
And just then the orderly hollered your
name
And you answered
And he said you were picked for a detail
And would go immediately
And wash dishes at the hospital—
Didn't it kind o' aggravate you?

*The folks at home
want a good photograph of you.
Special prices to soldiers.*

Higgason

Studio

Asheville, N. C.

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PHONE 1616

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GOODE'S DRUG STORE, Inc.

DRUGGISTS

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Remember Friends at Home

And especially the soldier friends. Our big store is headquarters for BOOKS of every kind. Our list of titles covers every branch of literature. A careful selection will give expression to every sentiment. We have Waterman Fountain Pens too, that will fit any pocket.



Rogers' Book Store

39 PATTON AVE.

PHONE 254

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THE LIBRARY

The American Library Association this week joins the group of entertaining and educative agencies having resident directors at U.S.A. General Hospital No. 19. Miss Winifred Gregory, Chief of the Technology Department of the St. Paul, Minn., Public Library, has been appointed Librarian at this Hospital, and will devote all her time to this work.

For some time there have been libraries in use in the Y.M.C.A., K. of C., Red Cross Building, Nurses' Red Cross House, and small groups of books scattered throughout the wards. During the past week four collections of books and magazines were placed in the Hill wards, and more are in preparation, the aim being to have entertaining reading matter at every point not readily accessible to the general collection. It is also planned that weekly visits be made to each ward, with books, magazines and scrap books, that the men who are unable to come to the Library will feel that the Library has come to him, allowing him to express his individual taste, and receive the books in which he is most interested.

About two thousand books are now at the central library, which is occupying a very attractive room in the Red Cross Building. This room serves not only as a reading room, where every one is made welcome who loves to browse, but also as a distributing point, through which all the various collections throughout the Hospital are kept in circulation.

The Librarian is anticipating many calls for technical books, especially from those men who have entered educational classes, and invites suggestions as to the subjects of the greatest interest to each student. Through the use of the Library, studies interrupted by the War may be continued, and an insight gained into new lines of work, for which there was never sufficient leisure.

Books requested which are not in the Library, but are of permanent value, will be purchased, those of an ephemeral nature will be borrowed from other libraries for temporary use.

Hospital Library War Service gives to the convalescent man the book that helps him to while away the tiresome hours, to self-development while in the Hospital, and to success when discharged.

The knockers is the only club that can hold together without a roll call.

Barbee-Clark

CIGARS

That's Our Business

Any and Everything for the Smoker

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Busses leave Sentry Box every half hour from 8:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Extra busses leave between 5:30 and 7:00 p.m. Leave Pack Square every half hour till 7:30 p.m. Then every hour till 12:30 a.m. Extra cars when necessary.

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THE BEST OF ALL CEREAL BEVERAGES
NOW 15 CENTS PER BOTTLE

WE RAISE THE PRICE, RATHER THAN
LOWER THE QUALITY

ELLIS & BEADLES

Wholesale Distributors

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NORTH CAROLINA



WE are handling a good many of the Soldiers' Accounts, and we will Welcome Your Business.



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WM. F. DUNCAN, *Asst. Cashier*

Opposite Postoffice

Asheville, N. C.

The officers of the Battery Park Bank are constantly watching for opportunities to serve the man in uniform. As a result, your accounts are invited.

The Battery Park Bank

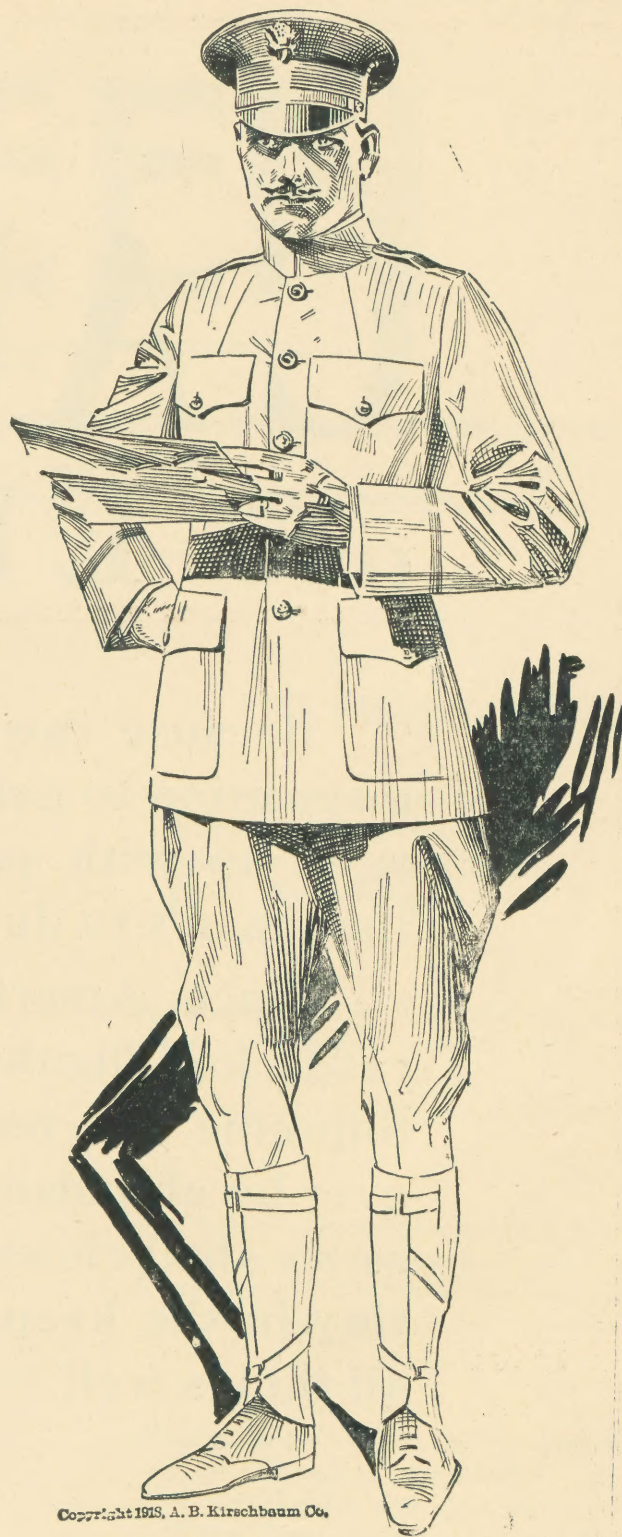
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*Uniforms of Distinction
Made-to-Measure*

Thanksgiving Day . . . 1918

A HOLIDAY worth celebrating wherever "Old Glory flies. Good cheer is in the air—and good cheer calls for *Good Clothes*.

FOR those lucky furlough days, *Kirschbaum* Uniforms and Overcoats—Hats — Caps — Sweaters — Gloves and all accessories of the well-groomed army man are ready here.



I. W. GLASER

Men's Quality Shop

16 Patton Avenue

CAUSE *and* EFFECT

C Because this nation possesses the disposition to get down on its knees, it rises up with power that is mightier than man's to duty in war and peace.

C Since America has never lacked cause for Thanksgiving, let this day of Supreme Joy remind us that we shall ever be abundantly blessed, for as long as we shall choose to continue our destiny in the keeping of Him who doeth all things well.

CENTRAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY
SOUTH PACK SQUARE